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THE LAST DANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GILBERT GLENALAN.

Pianist, let thy fingers sweep
Across thy Steinway's ivory keys.
Violinist, let thy viol awake
Its most delicious harmonies;
Let every chord conjure for me
The fleeting nymph Terpsichore.

Now 'er my forehead creeps the fringe
Of chestnut brown and silken hair;
Her rounded cheek doth year a tinge,
Which makes her doubly fair.
Her eyes 'most dim the waken light
Which sheds its splendor o'er the night.

My darling arm around her waist—
That narrow, silken-girded zone—
Its loving guardianship has placed;
Her hand lies clasped within my own.
The music swells—we move—we move
On the rapturous wave of sound and love.

As the sound doth guide the willing feet,
And she lends to strength her gentle grace,
I can feel on my own the steady beat
Of a heart as pure as her angel face.

Carp once for all that swelling form,
Sweep with thy lip the blushing cheek,
Mingle with her's thy breath so warm,
And let thine eyes their story speak.
Fate swells with flood and ebbs with tide,
The morrow will see her another's bride.

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMERSON BENNETT,
AUTHOR OF THE "WHITE SLAVE," "PHANTOM
OF THE FOREST," &c.

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CHAPTER IX.

SOMETHING ABOUT LOVE.

There was one thing in Southern hospitality I
liked—the sense of freedom and home-feeling
imparted to the guest. You could go when you
liked, come when you pleased, retire when it
suited you, and get up when you chose. The
master said to you, in effect:

"You must forget to be a stranger, and be-
lieve yourself one of the family. All things are
at your command. My servants will wait on
you. I have horses in the stable, dogs in the
kennel, and fire-arms in the shooting-gallery.
There are billiards, tennis, quoits, cards, chess,
backgammon—choose your favorite sport and a
good antagonist. Even I will do myself the
honor to contend with you if you can find no
other adversary. Order your meals to suit your
pleasure, and don't let my lady butler forget
that I have some very excellent old wine in the
cellar. To see you feel at home will make me
happy."

Such at least was my experience in the region
of Louisiana where I was now located.
The direct family of Mr. La Grange consisted
of himself, wife, son and a maiden sister. Mrs.
La Grange was a pale, delicate, retiring lady,
who showed herself in company only when ab-
solutely necessary, and never had much to say
at any time. I think she loved her husband and
son as much as it was in her nature to love any
human being, and next to them her poodle.
Miss La Grange, the maiden sister, was tall,
thin, old and scrawny, with quaint eyes and
gray curls. She doted on novels, affected juvenility,
and believed she would yet be the heroine of a
happy romance. She had a good voice, was a
fine musician, and used to play the piano, harp
and guitar alternately by the hour.

The La Grange mansion was large and roomy;
and all of it was comfortably, and some portions
of it elegantly, furnished. In a building stand-
ing a little back, though connected with it by a
covered walk, was a billiard-room, bowling alley
and shooting-gallery. Every thing was planned
for pleasant amusement; and, except when we
had company, Ernest and I had pretty much the
whole range to ourselves—the father being a
very quiet man, fond of his books, and seldom
coming near us. My friend and I were much
away together on different invitations, generally
got to bed late, and often rose the next day, or
rather the same day, with the sun passed meri-
dian.

"Hello! ho! another call on our good-nature!"
yawned Ernest, as we met to break our fast in
company about two o'clock in the afternoon of a
warm, lazy day.

"There seems to be no end to such calls in
this region," said I. "Where is it now?"

"At Captain Sebastian's."
"When?"
"Next week."
"What is it?"

"A social gathering—a party, I suppose—

with cards for those who like a quiet game, and
a dance for such as prefer the light, fantastic
toe."

"I am fond of a social game of cards," I re-
plied; "but as I am opposed to playing for
money, I am obliged to amuse myself in some
other way. That is the worst feature of your
social sports here, Ernest," I continued; "you
all bet, even to the ladies."

"Yes, it is the custom of the country," re-
turned my friend; "though our bets are fre-
quently only nominal sums—just sufficient to
excite a little interest in the game. It is so
stupid to play with nothing at stake!"

"But do you not think the custom itself is a
wrong one? that the social game, thus begun,
leads directly to gambling on a larger scale?"

"It doubtless has that effect on some," said
Ernest, with a yawn. "But what of that? Most
of the planters in this vicinity have more
money and time than they know what to do with;
and if they get rid of a portion of one while
killing the other, I see no great harm in it. And
then, what one loses another gains, and in the
end probably the two about balance each other."

"Perhaps so while they play at home; but
how is it when they go abroad and fall among
gamblers and sharpers?"

"Oh, they must look out for that!" replied
Ernest, with an indifferent shrug of his shoul-
ders. "I see no reason why a social pleasure
should be lost for fear some one may abuse it."

Besides, does it follow, because a man plays
for a small stake at home, that he will suffer him-
self to be ruined by sharpers abroad? Who are
the victims of the gambler? My experience of
life at the North leads me to believe they are
quite as often men who are not in the habit of
playing for money as those who are. But,
come! who are you going to take to this party?

For of course you must escort a lady. Heavens!
how you are blushing, Leslie! You have some
one in view, I see! Have you then lost your
heart among us after all? That is glorious, my
dear fellow! Who is she?"

"Well, you take a surmise and jump to a con-
clusion about as quick as anybody I know of!"
returned I, feeling that my heated face was
telling the tale against me in spite of myself.

I had not yet made Ernest my confidant; and,
until my conversation with Caleb Stebbins, did
not dream that any one had any suspicion of the
truth.

"Ah, you are caught!" laughed Ernest: "I
can see it. Come! who is she?"

"If you are so penetrating, why not guess the
rest?" said I.

"So I will. Now hold on! let me see! I
must think back. Plague on it! you have been
with so many young ladies, and talked, romped
and flirted with so many, that I find it more dif-
ficult than I first supposed. Let me see though!"

he continued, fixing his bright, merry eyes on
me, to watch every shade of my countenance.

"There is Lucy Templeton? No, it is not her—
her name does not excite an emotion. Poor Lucy!
Eden Sapples? No, wrong again. Marie Du-
poussier? No, not right yet. Clemence Duval?
No! Now hold on! I am working round to the
fortunate being—angel I should say—for of
course she is an angel to you. Lucille St. Al-
bans? Sabina Orlando? Flora Sebastian? No,
no—still wrong. Confound it, man! she is
of American, Spanish, or French descent? You
are bound to tell me that, you know!"

"I believe I have not admitted that she is of
either," said I. "Why not suppose her a crea-
ture of your imagination only?"

"Because no creature of my imagination
could possibly paint your face of that fiery hue."

My friend now ran over some half-a-dozen
more names, watching me closely all the while.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed, pettishly; "I am
running ashore, and am more puzzled than ever.
I have named over about all I can think of, ex-
cept Cora Brandon, and—Ha! I have hit you
at last, have I? Oho! jumps the cat that way?
Bless my soul! pretty little, dark little, Cora
Brandon, eh? Well! well! well! who would
have thought it? And such deceivers you are
too—so sly! Why, 'pon my honor, I thought
you could scarcely bear the sight of each other—
for you always seemed glad to separate when
together, and I never heard either of you speak
ten words to the other. Ah! wonders will never
cease!"

"Not as you make them out!" said I. "Have
I said I cared any more for Cora Brandon than
for any other young lady in her teens?"

"Yes, you are saying so now—with your
whole glowing face, if not with your tongue.
Ah! the dear little angel! who would have
thought of her hooking you clear through the
gills at once? I must tell this to Alice!"

"Suppose you put it in the papers at once,
and contradict it the next issue afterward!" re-
turned I, affecting a careless laugh.

"Come, Leslie, none of that now, with your
old friend! Own up, man—own up, and make
a clean breast of it! You know I have long
made you my confidant, and I certainly deserve
something in return."

"So you do, Ernest!" rejoined I, frankly;
"and for fear you will make matters all the
worse if I try to blind you, I will confess that I
fear she has bewitched me."

"Bravo!" cried my friend, clapping his
hands: "bravo, for our dear, little, blue-eyed,
darling Cora! Does she know of her con-
quest?"

"No, nor no one else, Ernest—though the

shrewd Yankee rather suspects it, and has told
me as much—and so, on your life, my friend, do
not betray my secret to a living soul!"

"Well, since you have been frank with me,
I fear nothing."

"I own I am caught," I pursued; "though I
had nothing to do in the matter, and neither
had she. It was a look and a blush, that is all—
a case of love at first sight—and so embar-
rassing, that I have acted the fool whenever I
have met her. I have tried to talk to her, and
got choked for my pains; and if she don't
think me egregiously stupid, she must be
either very unobtrusive or else very charitable."

"This is too good!" laughed my friend, "and
you must let me tell Alice!"

"Oh, no—not yet, at least!" cried I: "It is
enough to have one to laugh at me at present.
Now tell me, Ernest, candidly—what do you
think of the matter?"

"In what way?"

"What would her father say?"

"Colonel Brandon would say—if he should
happen to think to quote Scripture, that is—
Well done, thou good and faithful servant—
enter thou into the joy of my family!"

"You think he would not object to me then?"

"I am sure of it—why should he?"

"He is wealthy?"

"And so are you."

"Perhaps not. My father is, as you know,
connected with a large commercial house; but
I am not prepared to say that, in respect to
wealth, he is anything like the equal of Colonel
Brandon."

"No matter: you are a gentleman, and the
deliverer of his eldest daughter."

"I would not like to draw on his gratitude: I
am too proud for that."

"Never mind, Leslie—I will answer for him.
If you can succeed in winning the heart of Cora,
I will answer for all the rest."

"If it be not already won, I do not want it,
Ernest!"

"Ha! what do you mean?"

"This—neither more nor less: I acknowledge
I fell in love with her at first sight; but if the
passion be not mutual, I would not attempt to
make it so."

"Why, this is rather strange!" said Ernest, in
a tone of surprise. "Do you intend to say, that
if the girl be not already in love with you,
whom she has hardly seen near enough to know
how you look, that you will make no attempt to
win her affections?"

"That is pretty much what I mean, Ernest."

"And do you suppose any girl of sixteen
knows her own heart?"

"Perhaps not; but I have my peculiar views
about reciprocity of affection."

"Peculiar indeed," said Ernest, "if you ex-
pect a maiden to fall in love with you the mo-
ment she puts eyes on you!"

"I ask no more than I give."

"But I fear you ask more than you will get."

"Then I must remain as I am."

"Are you fixed in this peculiar whim? for I
can call it nothing less."

"Unalterably."

"Then write yourself down an old bachelor
that is to be!"

"Better that than a regretful Benedict,
Ernest!"

"But seriously—what has put such a queer
notion into your head?"

"I have always had it since I can remember."

"And do you really suppose any young lady,
of that refined delicacy of sentiment and action
which we most admire in woman, is going to
tell you, plump out and point blank, that she is
in love with you, even if true? and that she
pledges in all over the very first instant her
eyes lighted on your most noble face and com-
manding form? Pshaw! Leslie—pshaw!"

"I would hardly expect her to tell me before
being asked," I replied; "and even then she might
be tempted to keep the truth back, for fear of
being misunderstood; but the fact itself would
have to be there as a foundation, or I should
build no castles."

"But suppose, my dear fellow, in making
your inquiries into this matter, you should
happen to discover that the lady was now in
love with you, but had not been so from the very
first? How then? Would you accept the love
as found? or reject it because it did not spring
into being earlier?"

"My dear sir, you must bear in mind that
your question can only refer to the lady with
whom I had myself fallen in love at first sight;
and I think, in that case, if I discovered she
loved me on my first asking the question, I
should be vain enough to believe she never
could have helped it, from the very first instant
her eyes lighted on my most noble face and
commanding form."

"Well, a truce to this discussion! I only hope
you will find little Cora all you desire; and that
we shall get you so entangled round here, in a
silk net, that you will never be able to escape
from us! We will finish our breakfast; and
then, if you like, a dash over to Colonel Bran-
don's, to secure our partners for to-morrow
night."

"Ernest, my dear fellow, you must not laugh
at me! and mind you say nothing to Alice, or
any one else, about this affair! Just watch
Cora, and tell me what you think. If she makes
as big a fool of herself as I shall, it will be
proof conclusive that I am destined to be a
happy man!"

"So that is the effect of bringing two fools to-
gether, is it?" laughed Ernest. "Well, well—I
only hope you will be righteously mated at
last!"

The distance between the dwellings of La
Grange and Brandon was about three miles,
along a smooth, level road, through two or
three narrow belts of woods, and past great
fields of cotton, now white as banks of snow,
and in which some hundreds of negroes of both
sexes were at work, under charge of a few white
overseers with black assistants. It was a pleas-
ant ride, and there was much that was beau-
tiful and picturesque to arrest and fix the atten-
tion of one not occupied with such weighty
matters as myself; but I saw little of what was
around me, and saw that little in an abstracted
sort of way; for I was thinking of Cora Bran-
don, and wondering if I should be able to ap-
proach and solicit her company for the follow-
ing night without acting like a bashful black-
head. Pshaw! Why, in the name of good
common sense, could I not treat her with the
same polite and dignified ease as her sister?
who was quite as beautiful, and seemingly far
less approachable. Cora was a sweet little girl,
nothing more—at least in the terrifying way—
but I was already trembling as if I were ad-
vancing upon a battery. A battery, do I say?
Faith! I would like to see the battery that
could affect my nerves one-half as much as she
did!

As we came suddenly upon the house,
through a fine grove of trees, I beheld Cora
playing with a large Newfoundland dog upon
the veranda, and heard her talking and laugh-
ing gaily, addressing her remarks in part to the
brute and in part to Peter Reichstadt, who
stood leaning against the railing, quietly smok-
ing his pipe. As she caught sight of me, she
suddenly disappeared into the house, while both
the Dutchman and the dog came forward to
greet me.

"Well, Peter, how goes it?" said I, as I gave
him a hearty, honest hand shake.

"Pretty good, I think: how it was all along
n'tt yourself already?"

"I see the Colonel has not consented to spare
you yet?"

"Well, yaw, he keeps sayin' aday; but I think
it was time I begins to go look around already—
yaw!"

"Do you think of leaving then soon?"

"I think yes."

"I shall certainly be sorry, for one, to lose
sight of you. Will your friend, Caleb Stebbins,
go with you?"

"I think yes—may be so."

"Where is he now?"

"Here I be, Doctor—how d'ye do?" said
that worthy individual himself, issuing from a
kind of shed near which I had stopped my horse.

"Going to have a little confab with her?" Jerk-
ing his thumb over his shoulder toward the
house, and giving me a knowing wink. "Queer
critter, I s'um! skittish as a two-year old when
you're around. I've been plaguing her 'bout
you, and got her as mad and assey's all git out
—though she liked it, I tell you, for all that!"

"How do you know she liked it?" laughed
Ernest, while I was wishing I had the power to
choke the meddlesome Yankee for about five
minutes.

"Hallo, Mr. La Grange! how d'ye do! glad
to see ye! How'd I know it? 'Cause she all
the time kept telling me to stop, and mind my
own business, and not make a fool of myself."

"She certainly set you a pretty hard task!"
said I, rallying with a laugh.

"You are a sharp reader of human nature,
Mr. Stebbins!" said Ernest, greatly amused.

"Yes, wal, I calculate I know so'thing about
it. I didn't peddle tin three year for nothing, I
tell you!"

"Have you managed to find the lady you
were looking for the other day?" inquired I;

"that sweet, interesting creature, who must be
blessed with two qualifications—plenty of mo-
ney, and a liking for a certain Down East Steb-
bins?"

"Wal, maybe not; but I'll get ahead of you,
for all that, if you don't buck up a little
faster."

"You are ahead of me now in impudence!"
said I, a good deal vexed in spite of myself.

Throwing my bridle to a servant, I dismount-
ed and hurried into the dwelling. It was a good
thing for me I had got vexed—for I no longer
feared to meet Cora, or any one else. I encoun-
tered Alice, who greeted me most warmly; but
after an interchange of a few words, I went di-
rectly to the point.

"Where is your sister Cora?"

"She was here a minute ago," replied Alice.

And then to a servant: "Hannah, go and call
Miss Cora, and tell her Doctor Walbridge desires
to see her!"

In a minute the black girl returned, and
said:

"Miss Cora say she am sick wid a dreaful head-
ache."

"So is Pompey, the dog she was playing with
as I rode up: tell her I said so; and that if she
be not better shortly, and able to come to me,
I, as a physician, will have to go to her, and
perhaps prescribe something she will not like!"

It was wonderful how my courage had come
up within the last few minutes. I could hardly
credit the fact myself.

Hannah came back the second time, grinning
prodigiously, and brought the message, that

Miss Cora would make her appearance in a
very short time.

The very short time, however, proved to be
nearly half an hour; and I was beginning to
lose my patience, when she glided timidly into
the room, evidently laboring under a painful
embarrassment. I was alone—for I had request-
ed to be so—and Alice was conversing with her
lover on the veranda. I advanced to meet the
blushing girl, with all the resolution I could
muster, and said quickly, for fear I should other-
wise not be able to say it at all:

"Pardon me, Miss Cora, for my persisting to
see you to day! but I have come to ask a great
favor. There is to be a party, at Captain Sebas-
tian's, next week, and I beg to know if you will
honor me with your company? Now do not say
no, or you will deprive me of the pleasure of
going—for I have resolved not to go unless I
can escort a lady, and I will escort no lady except
yourself! There, brief though it be, I believe
this is the only sensible speech I ever made to
you in my life!"

"I am much obliged to you!" said Cora,
in a timid, hesitating manner, as I stood wait-
ing her reply; but whether obliged for the in-
vitation, or the speech, I was not so sure.

"You will go then?" I ventured.

"I think so."

"Bravo!" said I to myself; "bravo, Leslie
Walbridge, M. D. you are coming on bravely!"

And I continued to come on bravely, all
things considered; and before I left that even-
ing, Cora and I were able to talk to each other
quite rationally. A wonderful feat, was it not?
I thought so then.

I rode back with Ernest, with a light heart,
and we even joked on our relationship that was
to be.

Ah! could we have lifted the veil of the
future!

CHAPTER X.

A TRAGEDY.

The mansion of Captain Sebastian was abizze
with lights, and well-filled with guests, who had
come from miles around—gallant gentlemen
and ladies fair—Southern chivalry and beauty—
with servants at every turn. There were many
present whom I had met before, and a few
among the gentlemen whom I now beheld for
the first time. The host and hostess and their
beautiful daughter were all smiles and civility.

"Ah, my dear friend," said the Captain, as he
shook my hand warmly, "I am glad to see you
here to-night—glad to see you always; and yet
I never do see you, but I remember, with a shud-
der, how near I came to having your blood on
my soul! I was so rash then, that, as a sort
of atonement, I fear I have been over-prudent
ever since."

"You must forget it, Captain, as I have."

"You are very kind to forget it, Doctor."

"I never remember anything against a gen-
tleman after an honorable apology."

"By the way, I believe the villains may thank
my sad mistake that day for getting off scot
free—but let them beware of rousing the lion
again! It is my opinion, however, that they
have left this part of the country—for the pre-
sent at least."

"I suppose no one has been able to con-
jecture what they intended to do with Miss Bran-
don?" said I.

"No, I believe it is as much of a mystery as
ever. I am inclined to think, though, the cap-
ture was made partly to revenge them on her
father, as the commander of the Regulators, and
with the view of holding her at a high ransom,
knowing his great wealth."

"He is very wealthy then?"

"A perfect Croesus."

Would this great wealth ever be a bar to my
happiness? I mused.

Mrs. Sebastian—or is Senora, as she was
more generally termed—was a Spanish lady, with
black eyes and raven hair, who had been a belle
in her youth, and still retained many traces of
beauty. To those who could converse with her
in Spanish, and there were several such pre-
sent, she made herself very agreeable and soci-
able; but she spoke English so imperfectly, and
with so much difficulty, that she avoided using
it as much as possible.

"I much please see Senor," was her friendly
salutation, as she offered me her hand. "Me no
good speak English, so can't tell no'ting."

Miss Flora Sebastian resembled her mother, but
I think she was more beautiful than her mother
ever was. She had something of her father's
look, too, about the mouth and chin. She was
a brunette—I might also say a very dark brun-
nette—but her skin was as clear as alabaster,
and at times softly tinted with the rich blood
that flowed beneath. Her forehead was high
and broad and her face oval. Her eyes were
dark and lustrous, and so shaded by long, droop-
ing lashes as to give them at will a very soft
and languishing look, very dangerous to certain
hearts. And yet there was a something in those
soft eyes and that pretty face—seen only when
the owner was evidently not on her guard—that
produced an unpleasant impression, and led you
to wonder if the heart was as single as you had
supposed. She was indeed a creature of strong,
fiery passions; but, through her almost indom-
itable will, she kept them so under control that
they were rarely perceived by the casual ob-
server. I had met her several times before; and
though at first only struck with her beauty, I

had come to regard her as a character worth studying; and the more I saw of her the more I was puzzled, and, truth to say, the less I was pleased. The impression gained and strengthened that there was something sinister in her nature. And yet there were times when she seemed so gay and merry that I was almost led to believe I had previously mistaken some unamiable mood for a bad heart. She was well calculated to prove very attractive to the sterner sex, for she had a beautiful form as well as face, was just in the full bloom of sweet, romantic seventeen, and understood, as if by instinct, all the most bewitching arts of woman—arts that were in fact so concealed by art as to appear but as the simple acts of an unsophisticated, girlish nature. Among other discoveries which I made soon after I began my study of this girl, was the fact that she had conceived a violent passion for my friend, Ernest La Grange, and that she hated Alice Brandon, as her successful rival, more intensely. And yet who but myself believed a word of this? It not even the looks themselves. I mentioned it in confidence to Ernest, and he laughed at me; and in a conversation with Alice about the same time, she assured me that Flora Sebastian was one of her warmest friends.

Was I mistaken? If so, well.

Flora Sebastian could talk English as if her mother could not, and she came up to me that evening with one of her warmest greetings and sweetest smiles; and as we soon fell into an animated conversation, probably no one to have seen us would have fancied that we were both playing a part.

"Ah, Doctor," with a sweet sigh, and one of her most soft, bewitching looks, "now tell me what you think of our Southern ladies by this time."

"That some are more beautiful than are here to-night."

"Nay, I mean how they will compare with your Northern belles."

"As a halo to a shadow."

"Truiter!"

"How? because I utter truth?"

"Because, even if truth, you should be the last to speak it!"

"Would you then have me falsify?"

"You should proclaim your native clime before all."

"Then withdraw me from such dazzling attractions, and let me have a sober light to reflect on."

"Your dazzling attractions fill but a very small space."

"What kind of space?"

"Human space."

"You are aware then how deeply I am in love with your beauty?"

"Oh, yes, to a fraction, and I know you must be aware just to what extent I am aware of just such a thing. How dear little Cara blushed to-night when I asked her if you made love to her on the way, and, dear me, how you are blushing now! Tell me all in confidence, you know, Doctor Walbridge, when is the double wedding coming off?"

"I do not understand you."

"How, say, I say to you?"

"Nay, how do you give me too much credit for penetration?"

"She fixed her dark eyes on me, and once or twice a strange, curious light came into them, as if against her will, as a certain name flitted through her mind and was almost thrust off from her tongue. At length, as if she feared I should guess her secret, she turned her head aside, and while pretending to be wholly occupied with the clasp of her diamond bracelet, she said, in an careless tone as it was possible for her to assume under the circumstances:

"I expected to have heard of Ernest La Grange's marriage before this."

"Is he then going to be married?" said I, with an air of simplicity.

"She looked up quickly, and fixed her eyes on me, with a keen, searching gaze; and then, as if suddenly remembering herself, burst into a merry laugh, and exclaimed:

"What an innocent, artless, unsophisticated young man! Why, do you pretend to tell me, that you, who are his bosom friend and confidant, do not know that he is engaged to Alice Brandon?"

"I confess," said I, thinking it might be as well for her to have her hope, however faint, destroyed by the truth; "I believe you are right. I have no doubt that she intends to unite their fortunes sooner or later, but this is confidentially between ourselves, to go no further."

"Oh, never fear that I shall prove a town crier!" she rejoined, with what was intended to appear as the careless laugh of indifference, though I could see that she felt chagrined in her very soul. "When is it to be?"

"Nay, that I do not know."

"Perhaps they will wait for you?"

"Who can say?"

At this moment a stranger to me entered up to us, and, much to my relief, I saw our acquaintance was at an end.

"Doctor Walbridge," said Miss Sebastian, "allow me the pleasure of making known to you a friend of my father—the Señor Don Diego Gomez de Castria y Sombrea."

I bowed stiffly and coldly, and so did Don Diego. I think the first searching glance of either must have convinced him that in the other he beheld, if not his foe, at least one he could never hope, never wish, to call his friend.

Between certain animals there is a natural antipathy, and sometimes I am inclined to believe we find it between human beings.

Don Diego was a tall, slender, swarthy man of thirty, with a countenance I did not like. The face was thin, with hollow cheeks and temples, and black, piercing eyes, set near together and under shaggy brows. The nose was long and pointed, and the lower part of the face concealed by a black, heavy beard. The look was sharp and heartless, and the whole expression sinister. If not intended for a villain, nature had belied him.

So, he was a friend of Captain Sebastian, eh? Some Spanish relation or acquaintance, probably, whom the daughter had so designated, in the careless, thoughtless manner we often use the term.

A few common-place words passed between us, as a mere matter of formal politeness; but we entered into no regular conversation, and soon separated, each knowing where to look for an antagonist in case he should be disposed to quarrel.

An hour later I saw Don Diego, with a couple of swarthy fellows beside him, who looked villainous enough to be his friends, playing cards with a couple of rich young planters. I drew near enough, and looked at the contest long enough, to satisfy myself that the unsuspecting

planters were the victims of designing gamblers and sharpers, if nothing worse. I was tempted to warn them, at the risk of insulting our host; but fearing I should be taking too much upon myself as a stranger, I walked away and left them for the time.

Captain Sebastian and his family seemed to be very well calculated to entertain a large company in the most agreeable manner, by doing what hosts always should do, providing efficient amusements for their guests. Nothing, that falls short of disgust, is more tedious and wearisome, than for a miscellaneous party of ladies and gentlemen, in the absence of all kinds of amusement, to be left to the impossible task of pleasing and delighting one another with such little silly trifles as the circumstances force from them. Strangers are often brought together, who have no congeniality and nothing in common; and having, in a bold, dashing attempt at sociability, exhausted the much abused topic of the weather—and perhaps, if in extra luck, the last sad accident, or horrid murder—they are obliged to go back into themselves, like turtles into their shells, and look, and stammer, and yawn, and wish themselves anywhere else and in any other company in the world. For Heaven's sake, reader, when you act the host or hostess to an invited company, give your guests something to do, if it be only to jump over a rope and guess a dozen stale conundrums.

There was no lack of amusements at the mansion of Captain Sebastian on the night of which I speak. There was a hall for dancing, a drawing-room for singing or flirtation, a card-room, a billiard-room, and pleasant walks for a promenade, and the company, taken collectively, seemed to enjoy themselves exceedingly, especially after the wine had begun to circulate pretty freely. As for myself, I was here, there and yonder—sometimes dancing—sometimes listening to sweet music—sometimes (shall I confess it?) chatting with the beauties of the hour, and anon trying my hand at billiards and my luck at cards.

Of Cara Brandon I saw little that evening. It was not the wish of either of us to excite comment by being seen much together, and so perhaps we went to the other extreme. I danced with her once—and I also did with her sister Alice, and Miss Sebastian—but after that we never met to exchange a word till a late hour.

Once I saw her on the floor with Don Diego, and the fact excited such strange, wild emotions, that I immediately left the hall, for fear I might say or do something to attract attention to myself. The Spanish sharper, as I had already mentally named him, had found time to leave his cheating craft and exercise his limbs with innocence and beauty. It was the loathsome vulgar dancing with the dove.

In passing through one of the rooms soon after, I met one of the young planters who had been playing with Don Diego and his cut-throat friends. His name was Edward Mason, and he had lately come into possession of a large estate, left him by a maternal uncle, who had been as a father to him. He was a handsome young man of five and twenty, and generally wore an air of smiling benevolence. Now he was very pale, and I observed that his lips were compressed, as if with some mental resolve. We had met on two or three previous occasions, and I had been introduced to him by Ernest La Grange.

He greeted me with a bow and a smile and a cordial grasp of the hand.

"Ah, Doctor," he said, "how is it I find you wandering about alone with so much beauty near you?"

"How would it do for me to reply by asking you the same question?" returned I.

"Oh, but I!"

"And do I?"

"You are evidently more fond of a flirting belle than I am. I confess I prefer a game of cards to the chit chat of nothings one is doomed to hear in the drawing room."

"I like cards myself, but I am opposed to playing for money."

"But without a stake the game is stupid! I could not get up interest enough to care whether I won or lost."

"You had interest enough to-night then, I think."

"What do you mean?"

"You bet heavily, did you not?"

"Soso."

"And lost?"

"Yes."

"I am not surprised at that."

"Why? do you think I am not skillful at the game?"

"I believe you play an honest game."

"But you think then my Spanish opponents were not honest?"

"It would be a bold thing in me to say so; but, if you play again, you would do well to have them watched."

"Thank you, Doctor! I have had my suspicions, and your words confirm them. If I play again? Why, I am just now on my way to find Don Diego and challenge him to another contest. Will you stand by me? Will you do me the favor to watch, and if possible detect the fellow in his cheating?"

"To oblige you I will. How will you play?"

"I will try him single-handed at the single game of euchre."

"He may not have enough interest in that game to cheat."

"I will make him have interest enough then. I will play him for from one thousand to ten thousand dollars. He cannot very well refuse me, since he is already over ten thousand dollars the winner."

"Indeed! so much?" exclaimed I. "Well, Mr. Mason, though I do not believe in gaming at all, I will, since you are resolved to seek your revenge, do my best to see you have fair play."

"That is all I ask, Doctor Walbridge. If any man can win my money fairly, he is welcome to it; but the first scoundrel I catch at cheating, let him look out for the consequences! Who is this Don Diego? and where does he come from? Of course he and his companions are friends of our host and his family; but I have seen no one else who knows them; and, between you and me, neither one of them has got a face I should fall in love with."

"Did Beranger lose as much as you to-night?" I inquired, naming the other gentleman I had seen playing with the sharpers.

"No, he only lost a few hundreds, and withdrew from the contest," replied Mason. "Like a fool I continued to play with the three Spaniards, till I found myself eleven thousand six hundred dollars loser, and then I acknowledged myself beaten, and went out to take a walk in the open air and indulge in a little sober reflection. That reflection brought me

to the conclusion that my opponents either had a most extraordinary run of good luck, or else that they had been using unfair means; and I was on my way back to challenge this Don Diego to a single-handed contest at a different game, when I so fortunately met with you. Now do you go into the card-room, and I will bring my Spanish gentleman quietly in to a quiet game."

"You will find him among the dancers," said I, as we separated.

I repaired to the card-room, where several gentlemen were playing, and took a seat near a vacant table. In a few minutes Mason and the Spaniard came quietly in, arm-in-arm, and sat down to what I knew was going to be an important, if not a desperate, contest.

"Euchre is a game I am not much acquainted with," said Don Diego, with a kind of devilish smile and in a foreign accent; "but of course, after what I was so fortunate as to win to-night, I am in honor bound to give you a chance at satisfaction at any game you choose, whether I understand it or not."

This was said with apparent friendly politeness; but there was a covert sting in the words, which the sensitive Mason felt to the quick. His face flushed, and there was a peculiar light in his eyes, as he said, with slightly compressed lips, looking steadily at the other, and modulating his voice by a strong effort of the will:

"Nay, sir, if you think for a moment I wish to take any advantage of your ignorance, you have entirely mistaken my character. I had merely assumed that a person who can play so well as yourself at the gambling game of euchre, would be perfectly au fait of one so universal among us as cards; but if you will give me your word of honor that you think me your superior at it, I will consent to change it for any game you can play."

There was, I was happy to see, quite as much sting in the words of Mason as in those of the Spaniard; and now the swarthy features of the latter reddened in turn, and his black, snakey eyes gathered a cold, deadly light, as he rejoined, in a pointed manner:

"You are a very obliging gentleman, sir; but just at present I am not exactly disposed to admit that you are my superior in anything. We will go on with the game of euchre. How many points shall we say? and how much a side?"

"Five points, and a thousand dollars to begin with," returned Mason.

The money was immediately staked, and the game commenced. I was now the only spectator—the other gentlemen in the room being interested in the games at the other tables.

My friend won the first game; also the second, third, fourth, fifth. Don Diego seemed to get vexed.

"This is too slow!" he said. "Suppose we make it five thousand a side!"

"As you please!" returned Mason.

I drew nearer and took such a position that I could watch the Spaniard closely. Now would be the time to bring his craft into play—for to fail now must so leave him a heavy loser. The game proceeded quickly to the close, the Spaniard won, and I detected nothing wrong. The second game for five thousand resulted like the first. Mason was now a loser of five thousand dollars at this last sitting, and over sixteen thousand on the night. He glanced at me and I shook my head. Luck, if not skill, was evidently against him, and I would have counseled him not to play any more. The money I had seen him bet was in thousand-dollar bills, which he had profused in a careless manner; but he now thrust his hand into his bosom and drew forth a large pocket-book, which he deliberately opened, and disclosed bills to the amount of fifty thousand dollars.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it is not usual with me to carry so much money on my person, or in fact anything like the amount; but fortunately, or unfortunately, I do not yet know which, I brought this with me to-night for a special purpose—that purpose, by the way, not being to bet it on cards. However, that is neither here nor there. I have the money with me, as you see; and I now propose, with your consent, Señor Don Diego, to play you for ten thousand dollars a game, till you either win all, or I at least win back what I have lost."

There was a triumphant gleam in the wicked eyes of the Spaniard as he replied:

"It is my duty and also my pleasure to accede to your wish."

The play began again, and Mason won the first game. I saw that Don Diego looked anxious. Two games won in succession would now put my friend more than three thousand dollars ahead, and would perhaps break the other, for he seemed to make up the second ten thousand with difficulty.

Now then, Don Diego, for all your skill—all your craft!

At the close of the fourth hand, the score stood, Mason four, Don Diego two. It was Mason's deal. He turned an ace and held both bowers. It was a natural point and made him safe. Don Diego passed. Mason discarded, threw down the two bowers, and claimed game.

"Hold!" said the Spaniard; "a misdeal! I have six cards;" and he laid them out on the table.

"Strange!" said Mason; "I am not in the habit of making a misdeal! But no matter—the cards are yours, sir!"

The Spaniard took the deck, and shuffled long and well. He finally dealt, and turned the ace of spades. My friend took up his hand, and found he held the right bower, king and queen of trumps, with ace of hearts and ace of diamonds. Of course he ordered up the trump, feeling certain of his point, and led the ace of hearts to make sure. The Spaniard trumped it with a small card and led the left bower. This was taken by the right, and the ace of diamonds led. Don Diego trumped with another small card, and then won the third trick with the ace of trumps, crushing Mason and adding two to his own score. This of course might be all accidental, but at least I began to feel very much interested, and to have my eyes very sharply on him. I believed to be a sharper. Mason dealt again; and the Spaniard, as he picked up his hand, and spread out six cards, remarked:

"Another misdeal, you see?"

"By heavens, I never did that twice in succession before in my life!" exclaimed Mason, excitedly.

Don Diego smiled grimly, took the deck, shuffled and dealt, and finally won the game. As he reached out his hand for the money, I suddenly grasped his arm, and held it as if in a vice.

"Have the kindness to put your hand up this honest man's sleeve, Mr. Mason," said I, "and you will find one of the cards that so conveniently drop down for a misdeal."

I had detected the trick just in time to expose the sharper.

Like lightning Mason sprung to his feet, seized the card, drew it forth, and with the back of his other hand struck the Spaniard across the mouth, exclaiming:

"Villain! swindler! cheat!"

The words startled every man in the room to silence, and fixed every eye upon the speaker. With a fierce oath, and the look of a demon, the Spaniard grasped the stakes, bounded up, and glanced quickly and fiercely around him, as if intending sudden flight. In a moment he was surrounded by a dozen excited men, mostly the friends of Mason.

"Scoundrel! down with that money or you shall never quit this house alive!" cried Mason, at the same time fiercely grasping the arm of the Spaniard.

Instantly Don Diego threw off the hold of the other, thrust his hand, with the money in it, into his bosom, whipped out a glittering siletto, and struck.

The next moment the Spaniard had burst through the gathering crowd and was making good his escape, and Mason was sinking back in my arms, with the fearful exclamation:

"Oh, my God! I am killed!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEB. 2, 1867.

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER; A TALE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

We commenced this new story by Mr. Bennett in *THE POST* of January 5th—the first number of the year.

To those who have read "The Phantom of the Forest" and "The White Slave, a Tale of Mexico," we need scarcely say that a story full of interest and adventure may be expected.

Those wishing to obtain the whole of this story, had better send in their subscriptions at as early a date as possible. The early numbers of the stories published this year were exhausted before the demand was satisfied, although we printed an extra edition. And we have been unable for the last month to furnish a regular series of back numbers of *THE POST*—owing to the entire edition of certain weeks being exhausted.

DELAYS.

We must beg our subscribers who send on their money through January, to pardon some little delay in the reception of their papers.

Our readers when they send on a club, generally wish each person's name entered on our books—and very generally the clubs are composed in part of subscribers to the *Lady's Friend*. This necessitates a great deal of labor, and though we engage extra help at this season of the year we find great difficulty in keeping up with our letters.

As soon as the January pressure is over, we shall again be able to send off the paper the same day the order for it is received.

If our subscribers whose subscriptions commence on the first of the year, were able to renew about the middle of December, it would save themselves and us considerable inconvenience.

THE MAP OF THE WORLD.

The geographical student of twenty years ago, who has since reposed in confident assurance that "he knows the world," is apt to be astonished on referring again to the atlas, by the remarkable changes displayed there. He need not, in fact, go beyond the limits of our own country to find ample matter for surprise. Then the map of the United States displayed, as now, thickly settled and prosperous states on the Atlantic border, the marks of population gradually thinning out as they ran backward towards the Mississippi; while west of that river to the Pacific, stretched a few uninhabited territories, their lines ill-defined, their physical features but vaguely comprehended, traversed by great mountain chains of which we knew but a few prominent points, watered by great rivers whose sources and routes were rather guessed at than known, a vast domain as yet almost undisputed possession of the red man. One insignificant settlement at the mouth of the Columbia marked our hold on the Pacific coast, and but two thinly settled states had erected the standard of the Republic west of the Mississippi. Texas was just asking for protection against her powerful neighbor, Mexico, then reaching far north into our present territory. Then a few small villages were just appearing on the map where now great cities rise.

We will close the map of the past and open that of the present. Somehow in these few years the Western territories have grown to double their former numbers, their limits defined, their prominent physical features well known and accurately delineated. The Rocky Mountains have expanded into a wide, vast western rib to our country, adding by many strange features to our sum of natural marvels, presenting, it is said, a cataract surpassing in some respects our hitherto unapproached Niagara, a long series of the loftiest peaks, and valleys and canons of sublime scenery, while its mineral resources bid fair to render insignificant all previous sources of the precious metals.

In this western country numerous youthful states now mark the map. The double advantage of cheap lands and a rich soil has drawn emigration westward, originating the promising communities of Iowa, Minnesota, and Kansas. Farther west, the younger settlements of Nebraska and Colorado are presenting themselves for admission into the circle of states, while on the Pacific a new state, Oregon, constitutes a portion of the old territory of that name. Between these appear several wide territories, as Idaho, Washington, Montana, Dakota, each destined to form its cluster of future states. Year by year the black lines of county boundaries and the symbols representing towns are encroaching on the hunting grounds of the Aborigines. Civilization has already laid its hand on the eastern slope of the mountains, and the discovery of gold peopled far west Colorado. Looking southward we find Texas forming one of the bright stars of our flag, while a large slice of old Mexico, now part of the United States, is

rapidly developing under the enterprise of our people. The wand of the gold demon has built a magic California on the Pacific; its sister magician, silver, is rapidly peopling Nevada and Arizona; New Mexico is recovering from the torpidity of its former regime, while the difficult task of civilizing the Red man is being to some degree accomplished in the Indian territory. Another fertile land, Utah, has been settled by that strange sect, the Mormons, who, gathering upon the borders of a lake as strange in its physical as they in their moral aspect, have so far been successful in maintaining that policy of exclusion by which alone they could hope to prosper as a distinct community. But the surging tide of civilization is sending its foam across their borders. Ere many years the advancing waters will in all probability sweep every trace of exclusiveness from their land, leaving them only the alternative of yielding their strange customs or of making a further migration to some of the South Sea Islands.

Other features mark the map. Far and wide reach the black lines of railroads and telegraphs; unto the Pacific across the great west stretch emigrant and express lines; while signs of growth and progress stand the map from end to end.

But leaving our own vigorous land, we find plentiful marks of change even in the comparatively becalmed countries of the old world. In Europe we see all Italy reunited, Poland swept from the map, Austria denuded, Hungary subdued, Prussia augmented at the expense of German nationalities, and France increased by a species of forcible annexation that took a milder name. In Asia, railroads traverse ancient India, which has become an English province; telegraphs invade frozen Siberia; and the old policy of exclusion in China and Japan is giving way before the advances of the vigorous West.

In Africa the old "Undiscovered Country" is becoming marked out by the discoveries of Anderson, Barth, Speke, Burton, and others; great lakes discovered under the Equator which solve the old mystery of the "Source of the Nile," and, among other remarkable physical features, a cataract which for mingled strangeness and grandeur has no rival in the world.

In the Pacific, that immense wilderness, Australia, has been peopled by the simple whippers of one magic word, "gold," in the crowded States of Europe; while in it have been discovered anomalous physical features and strange animals and plants only matched in other countries by an ancient geologic period.

And finally in the Sandwich Islands, to our fathers an embodiment of savagery, we have ambassadors instead of missionaries, while a native queen has lately traversed our land collecting funds to build a Christian church! Verily this is an age of progress.

DECEASE OF N. P. WILLIS.

Nathaniel Parker Willis, whose decease is announced, had just completed the 60th year of his age, on Sunday, the day of his death, was the anniversary of his birthday, January 20th, 1807. Mr. Willis was born in the city of Portland, Maine, and was the son and grandson of two publishers, his grandfather having been an apprentice in the same office with Benjamin Franklin. His father was the founder of the *Boston Recorder*, so that it will be seen that Mr. Willis took to books and newspapers in a very natural way. He was graduated at Yale College at the age of 20, and even before that period he had already begun to contribute verses to newspapers and magazines, and as a part of the exercises of the college societies of which he was a member. His first marked success was the reception of the prize of fifty dollars offered by the publishers of "The Album," an illustrated annual. He was then employed by Mr. S. G. Goodrich (Peter Parley). About 1828 he commenced the *American Monthly Magazine*, which was subsequently merged in the *New York Mirror*. Soon after this he went to Europe, and from thence sent home his well-known "Pencilings by the Way." After considerable travel he returned and settled near Oswego, New York. In 1833 he started a weekly paper named "The Corsair," and then went to England and engaged Mr. Tuckerman to write for his new paper. While still in that country, he published his "Letters from Under a Bridge," "Lottings of Travel," and two dramas, called "Tortosa, the Urener," and "Bianca Visconti," the last two being under one cover, with the title, "Two Ways of Dying for a Husband." Upon his return he established, in conjunction with General George P. Morris, a daily paper in New York, known as the *Evening Mirror*; and having gone abroad a third time, on account of his health, he published a volume of Sketches in London, entitled, "Dashes at Life with a Free Pen." His connection with the well-known *Home Journal* is within every one's recollection. We do not enumerate his occasional verses and poetical pieces, which were very numerous. He was twice married—the first time to an English lady, the daughter of General Stace, and the second time to a daughter of Hon. Joseph Grinnell, of New Bedford, Massachusetts. After his second marriage, he resided at his well-known residence, Idlewild.

Without entering into any criticism upon the value of the works of Mr. Willis, it may be said that he was one of the most widely known and popular American writers, both in his own country and in Europe.

Alexander Smith.

Mr. Alexander Smith, well known as author of "A Life Drama" and other poems, died at Wardie, near Edinburgh, on January 5th, after an illness of several weeks. Mr. Smith, who was the son of a pattern designer, was born at Kilmarnock, on December 31, 1830, so that he had just entered his 37th year. His first work, "A Life Drama," was written by him while engaged in his father's business, and published in *The Critic*, in 1852, and afterward, with other poems, in a volume, in 1853. In 1855, he published, in conjunction with Mr. Dobell, "Sonnets on the Crimean War," and in 1857, "City Poems" and "Edwin of Deira." At a later period he distinguished himself as a prose writer, publishing in 1863, "Dreamthorp," in 1865, "A Summer in Skye," and "Alfred Hagari's Household." He was also a frequent contributor to Good Words and other serials. In 1854 he was appointed to the office of Secretary of the Edinburgh University. He married about ten years ago, and has left a widow and family.

—N. Y. Tribune.

D. Appleton & Co. are about to issue a work, entitled "Modern Culture," which will be composed of essays, bearing upon educational topics, from the pens of Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill, and other eminent English writers.

"However, I am glad you have come back; the case belongs properly to you; of course you are the person to follow it up—the legitimate person—and I put it into your hands. Only you understand that I am ready and willing to co-operate with you at any time and to any extent."

and look here, this is Sir George Grey's letter—don't wonder at it—horribly mismanaged case. Don't see how we can hold our heads up as a magisterial body until this is set right. With a pack of old women on the bench, such as Babin, and Evesham, and that final puppy—as puppy he'll be to the end of his days—Sir Edward Staplewood, advocating sneaking half-measures, and afraid to move out of the old jog-trot line, the country must go to wreck and ruin. Can't be otherwise. Hope you mean to stay amongst us, Thynne, and to come into the commission, and bring a little new blood and spirit into it. Hey? but tush, man, you're not going to-night—it's ten o'clock. Stay here, and I'll send over for your man and traps the first thing in the morning. There's another point or two—half-a-dozen—to talk over in this matter, and then you will be ready-primed for action."

Gerald acquiesced, languidly enough, in this arrangement. All places were alike to him at the moment: as well Hailsham's professional scalpel for his wound as his mother's scolding tears away of bandages and laying bare of nerves. A long, sleepless night brought to him, at least, some more defined necessity for action. The first impulse was to rush away to the other end of the world, out of the view, if it might be, of all this trouble and responsibility.

Responsibility: ay, there was the call-point. "It is for you to avenge her." "If you sit down quietly and let this wicked deed go unrequited, you are as guilty as her murderers"—this had been Lady Arthur's unmeasured language. "This is your affair; I put it into your hands; you are the legitimate person," Mr. Hailsham's more calm but equally decided judgment. The more Gerald shrank from the terrible duty, the more he strove to force himself up to its fulfillment. If all this were true—and he had settled into a desperate acceptance of it—then life was henceforth gone for him, only he must die like a soldier at the post of duty. But the cannon's mouth, the sword's point, were safety and ease compared with this. I suppose it is in such passages as these that men blow out their brains, and so end the conflict; or that women go mad and save the decision. But Gerald, under the weakness which stands confessed in these pages, had a strength to bear the strain, and it was with his face duty-wards that he left Abbeyford for the railway-station, although with what minor perplexities and uncertainties of purpose may be imagined, for when he arrived in London he remembered that he had omitted to procure Miss Ursula's address. He did not tell himself what his object was in seeking her at all; he was fully occupied on the journey up in battling with the doubt, "Was this thing for him to do? Was it his duty?" He put the doubt from him, at last, as an honest truth-seeking mind does when it believes it to be only a snare to draw him away from the path of right; but it had made what was already so hard and bitter, harder and more bitter still.

He sent his servant back by the next train to Estwick with a note to Mrs. Gaythorn, asking the address of Miss Armistage at the seaside place whither Mr. Hailsham had already told him she had gone. The telegraph would have been much easier and more expeditious; but he had been used to Indian life, and the facilities of European civilization and progress were scarcely in his way of thinking—lost and perplexed, too, as his mind was. Besides, he hailed the delay as a respite. He went to the nearest hotel and awaited the man's return. In the coffee-room a party of three or four gentlemen, over their luncheon of oysters and Sauterne were discussing the "Armistage Mystery," as they called it, at the next table to the one at which Captain Thynne was seated, and in his hearing.

"I heard last night at the club," said one, a middle-aged man with military whiskers, "that the man the poor girl was going to marry—Captain—Captain somebody—"

"Thynne," suggested a second speaker; "one of the Arlington family."

"Oh, ay, Thynne. I heard that he has come back from India, so we shall be likely to hear more of that queer affair; he will never let it rest as it is."

At this moment Gerald passed him on his way to the door; the speaker looked up and followed him with his eyes.

"That poor fellow looks seedy," he remarked, as he peeped at a fresh batch of natives. "I wonder what's the matter with him."

"No, 9, Marine terrace, Southbourne," Mrs. Gaythorn's formal little note announced to Captain Thynne; but the servant who brought it had missed the first return train by five minutes, and it was seven o'clock in the evening before he reached the hotel at which he had left his master, who accepted the delay with a composure which agreeably surprised the man, merely remarking that it was too late now to go farther, and that he should put up at the hotel for the night.

"Oh, Aunt Ursula, this is peace and rest!" It was noon of the next day, and Olive was in quiet little Southbourne. The couch on which she was lying was stretched under an open window leading on to a balcony, beneath which the waves, blue in the sunshine, rolled up over the pebbly beach with a sound of music. The white sail of a little fishing-boat every now and then flickered across the little bay in which Southbourne lay inclosed, and the glorious sunlight was flashing upon the water, and bleaching the gray rock white above the blue water at their feet.

"Oh, Aunt Ursula, I feel as if I had come out of a great storm into a haven of rest!" Miss Ursula would not sigh as she spread a shawl over the couch, neither would she lift her face to show the shadow of care which might have disturbed this first breath of tranquillity—she could not bear to think how soon it might all vanish.

"This shawl is too light. I will fetch another," she said, and left the room.

Olive lay still, looking out upon the calm, sweet scene. The door opened again.

"Aunt Ursula," she spoke in a trembling voice, "if only this terrible mystery could be cleared up! If only what we dreaded at first could be true we should be so thankful, even for that, now. Is it too late to hope? I have not dared to ask you before."

Her head was still turned towards the window—as if she could better speak of this when her own trouble was not answered by another trouble in her aunt's face—and she did not see that it was not Miss Ursula but Captain Thynne who stood just within the door, where he could see the small white face, looking smaller and whiter than ever, lying against the crimson cushion of the couch, and the deep, dark eyes, with the shadows of suffering about them, showing deeper and darker out of that mournful

setting. He could see the sweet moulding that trouble and patience had given to the features, but he saw none of the hurried restlessness of guilt, and he heard the words that were so like innocence. She turned her head towards him now, in surprise at the silence, and—

"What had he come there to say? He never knew—it was all gone, and there was nothing there but a great uprising of the love which had been always in his heart—covered up but not extinguished—ready to burst forth at the slightest touch of pity. What he did say then was that he loved her—that he had always loved her."

"Oh, Olive, forgive me! Can you ever forgive me?"

He was at her feet, holding her hands, murmuring incoherent words of pity, love, remorse, when Miss Ursula came back.

"Captain Thynne! Captain Thynne! this is no time for such words." And as he rose, abashed and confused, she added, gently, "Olive has been ill, and she cannot bear any emotion or excitement."

He murmured something like an apology, and took his hat to go. Miss Ursula followed him down-stairs.

"Captain Thynne," she said, falteringly, "this must not be."

"No, it must not be," he repeated, as he took her offered hand. And as he walked through the little street of Southbourne, he repeated, "It must not be. What have I done? Is there a greater wretch or a more unhappy one in the world than I am?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE EVENING OF THE YEAR.

[We reprint the following verses from "Way-side Posies," a collection of original and selected poems edited by Robert Buchanan:—]

"Now dark and dry is piled the wheat,
The wine-press feels no staided feet;
The white moon shrinks her sickle clear;
And voices of the air repeat,
'Tis the evening of the year."

"Why have I missed, while men have found?
Men smile that corn and wine abound,
And children eat the ripened ear;
I gaze at them from barren ground:
It is the evening of the year."

"O love! it seems but yesterday,
A child in fresh green fields I lay,
And dream of those where skies were clear;
But withered leaves bestrew my way:
It is the evening of the year."

"O face that I have never seen!
Somewhere on earth with saddened mien
Thou waitest full of sober cheer;
Come! where the reaper's foot hath been,
It is the evening of the year."

"Come to me, O my love, my fate,
Ere all be cold and desolate!
Come! I have sought thee far and near;
Come! lest I wither while I wait:
It is the evening of the year."

Inhabitants of the Human Body.

What think you, reader, of your body being a planet inhabited by living races, as we inhabit the earth? Whatever may be your thoughts on the subject, it is even so. Your body is but a home for parasites, that crawl over its surface, burrow beneath its skin, nestle in its entrails, and riot and propagate their kind in every corner of its frame. The sensation in regard to trichina in swine flesh has set the scientific to "knocking their heads together," and the result is the following fact:—"Parasites not only inhabit the bodies of all animals used by us as food, but they are also found in abundance in our own organization. The species trichina spiralis, of which so much has been said, and whose existence has been discovered in pork, is, according to our best anatomists, found in almost every muscle of the human body. It lies along the fibres of the muscles, enveloped in little cysts or sacs about one-fourth of an inch in length. It can be distinctly seen and examined only by the use of the microscope. Professor Wood, of Philadelphia, says:—"No evidence has yet been produced of any morbid influence exerted by the trichina upon the system during life. They have been found in subjects carried off by sudden death (accident) and in the midst of health." An English authority says:—"It is a notorious fact that the numerous parasites do crawl over our surface, burrow beneath our skin, nestle in our entrails, and riot and propagate their species in every corner of our frame. Nearly a score of animals belonging to the interior of the human body have been already discovered and described; and scarcely a tissue or an organ but is occasionally proflayed by their inroads. Each, also, has its favorite or its special domicile. One species of trichina chooses the heart for its dwelling-place, another inhabits the arteries, a third the kidneys. Myriads of minute worms lie coiled up in the voluntary muscles, or in the areolar tissue that connects the fleshy fibres. The guinea worm and the chique bore through the skin and reside in the subjacent cuticular membrane. Hydatis invest various parts of the body, but especially the liver and the brain. A little fluke, in general appearance much like a flounder, lives steeped in gall in the biliary vessels. If you squeeze from the skin of your nose what is vulgarly called a maggot—the contents, namely, of one of the hair follicles—it is ten to one that you will find in that small sebaceous cylinder several animalcules, exhibiting under the microscope a curious and complicated structure. Even the eye has its living inmates. With this knowledge of our composition, it matters but little how many entozoa we consume, so long as we do not see them—it is nothing more than all ages have done before us. We might with as much propriety refuse to drink water, which, however pure, is fairly alive with animalcules, as to refuse to eat meat because it exhibits (under the microscope) entozoa."

A London daily journal lately contained the following announcement: "To be sold, one hundred and fifty lawuits, the property of an attorney retiring from business. N. B.—Clients are rich and obstinate."

Alexander Dumas, Jr., was recently asked, "How happens it you no longer go into company?" "Because I saw company made more stupid, and I did not make company more sprightly."

There are twenty-five bald heads in Congress, two wigs and fifteen pairs of mustaches.

BERTIE GRIFFITHS.

A LOVE SKETCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ARCHIE LOVELL."

I.

"Killed, at Konigraatz, on the third instant, the Honorable Bertie Griffiths."

It was in the Wiesbaden Kur-Saal, about three years before I read this announcement of his death in the papers, that I first saw Bertie: a man evidently and openly at odds with fortune, shabbily-dressed, downcast, solitary; always taking his seat at one particular corner of the table—always, as far as my first experience went, losing, and never, by look or gesture, betraying anything save the most stony and absolute indifference to his losses. There were plenty of men of much the same stamp as himself to be seen in those rooms; and Bertie, with his threadbare, never interested more than the rest until a certain summer night—a summer night stealing in fair and soft upon hazy faces, upon trembling hands, through the closed shutters of the Kur-Saal windows—when the following incident occurred:

A mere lad—a London clerk or shop-boy he looked like—had been seduced, probably for the first time in his life, into playing; first florin, then gold, and had ended by losing all he possessed—how much I don't know, perhaps about ten or fifteen pounds. When he saw the full extent of his ruin, the lad's grief, his horror, simply overcame him, and he burst into a sudden hysterical fit of sobbing.

And Griffiths?—for the first time, certainly, since I had seen him at the tables—Griffiths had won. A heap of gold—not a very large sum, but a good deal for a man wearing such a coat as he did!—was lying before him on the table when the boy's sob broke upon the dead silence of the room; and then (I speak sober truth, but I respect any reader for his incredulity)—then, without a moment's hesitation, he pushed over a portion of his winnings—ten or twelve louis-d'or perhaps—to the lad's side.

His eccentric piece of generosity, and something in that new expression that I had seen upon his face, set me thinking of him, with a heightened and curious interest; and as I was walking back, an hour or two later, to my hotel, I had just resolved that I would, if opportunity offered, seek to make my friendless countryman's acquaintance, when an abrupt turn in the lime avenue that leads from the Kur-Saal gardens towards the town brought me full and unexpectedly upon the unconscious object of my thoughts.

At the moment when I happened to come upon him there was an expression by many shades less distant than usual on his face, and so, without waiting to consider how he might receive me, I walked up and made the request, which in all Germany one may make unchallenged to a common soldier or a Grand Duke alike, of a light.

Bertie took his pipe from between his lips, laid it and his book upon the bench beside him, drew forth a match-case from his pocket, (jingling his new won louis-d'or considerably at the same time), and presented it to me.

Bertie took his pipe from his mouth, gazed intently up at the faint daybreak above his head, then, and just as I expected he was going to say something awfully incorrect in theology, he remarked: "Do you know, it really would be much better to remain here for the next hour or two than to go back to the suffocating heat and sulphur-fumes of the town?"

Griffiths was the most thoroughly engrossing companion I ever met with. When he had smoked another pipe and taken two or three glasses of brandy, he thawed thoroughly, and it was not until the invalids were beginning to issue forth from the different lodging houses that we rose and walked away together in the direction of the town.

When we came to the point at which our paths separated, I offered, as a matter of course, to shake hands with my new acquaintance as I bade him good morning. Was he too proud, too humble, too suspicious, to advance so quickly into intimacy? What was it that made him draw coldly aside, then pass on without the slightest recognition of the hand I had held out to him? Poor fellow, I know now; but during all the space of our brief friendship—yes, up to the last sorry hour in which he bade me adieu—I continued to remark and wonder over this peculiarity in Bertie Griffiths. He never would shake my hand; never at meeting or parting would give me any other salutation than the short "Good day," and scarcely perceptible nod with which on this first morning of our acquaintance he walked away from my side.

I know now! Now that the hand has stiffened beyond the possibility of wrong-doing—the heart, with all its contrition and with all its guilt, found rest at last.

II.

His acquaintance with myself seemed to bring Griffiths into more friendly relations with the world at large. His luck at the tables improved; he dressed somewhat better; gradually got to appear more by daylight; finally, little by little, was drawn on into occasionally joining the society of the other English people then in Wiesbaden.

There were a good many young and pretty girls in this society, few of whom, I think, would have been averse to Bertie's handsome face, or to Bertie's attentions, would he have proffered them. But from the first day on which I succeeded in bringing him among ladies at all, one pair of little white hands held him in absolute possession; and Bertie was a great deal too passive, a great deal too really different, perhaps, to attempt to struggle from their grasp.

"Mrs. Gardiner saves me trouble, and keeps me out of mischief," he remarked, when one day I ventured to give him some friendly warnings on the subject of his growing intimacy with her. "With a younger, more inexperienced woman, I should probably have a vast deal of trouble in finding anything to say, or, which would be worse, run the risk of some serious folly. Now, Mrs. Gardiner has really a great deal to talk about, and can take care of herself, and me too, and that is just what suits me. You need be under no fear. I have never committed any absurdity of this kind since I was a boy."

Mrs. Gardiner was a very small, very fair woman of about five-and-thirty; a woman who, if she had been born a Parisian, might have had the reputation of beauty still, and who, even with provincial dress and inartistic restoration of the ravages of time, was not without charm of person and manner. From the first hour in which I saw her smiling up into Bertie's face, I had a

singularly strong conviction that she would work him mischief before she had finished with him. She belonged so precisely to that blonde, thin-lipped, pale-eyed class of women to whom French novelists are prone to give the title of "femme-ange," and whom unhappy experience has brought my own mind to connect with a directly opposite nomenclature! I read of cruelty of cunning, of a whole host of the worst female feminine vices, on her demure rose-and-white face; yes, from the morning when I first watched her as she led the choir in the organ-loft of the little English chapel; and as soon as I found Bertie would bear to be reasoned with about her, I unhesitatingly gave him the fullest benefit of my opinion. The result was—much what the result of all advice with regard to such matters has been for the last six thousand years at least. He listened to me attentively; told me that my insight into character did my judgment great credit; that he thought very much as I did on every point concerning Mrs. Gardiner; and—grew daily more and more devoted to Mrs. Gardiner's society!

Of regard, of even a pretence at sentiment, there was, I am certain, none upon either side; but upon Mrs. Gardiner's there was plenty of the feeling which outweighs every other in women of her type—vanity. Griffiths was, beyond question, the handsomest Englishman in Wiesbaden, and she was intensely flattered by his attention to herself. She was not one of the women who aspire after counting ugly dukes and hexagenarian millionaires in their train. What she craved for was that the crowd, strangers, or those who knew her name alike should turn and say: "Who is that handsome man so devoted to the pretty woman beside whom he walks?" and just up to this point was Bertie all that she desired. His broken fortunes, his tarnished name, took nothing from the personal charm of the man by whose side she lingered, and beneath whose eyes her own sank (with not unversed consciousness) every evening of her life in those dim-lighted Kur-Saal gardens! And, precisely because her regard for him was—what it was—I knew that her hour of awakening would be a bad one for Bertie. A woman who has really loved a man, may, on occasion, bid him good-bye, without attempting to give him a mortal wound at parting; a coquette who has been only vain of his allegiance to herself, never.

There was a grand ball one Saturday night, at the Kur-Saal, a grander ball than the usual weekly reunion, given in honor of the arrival of a Russian prince, nearly allied to the Duke of Nassau; and to this ball Bertie suffered himself to be taken by Mrs. Gardiner. Balls were not at all in Bertie's way, generally. It bored him to dance, himself; it bored him to look on at the dancing of others; but I suppose he was at a point now where it was difficult for him to refuse any request that Mrs. Gardiner's vanity thought fit to impose upon him. At all events he went. It would have been well for him that night if he had stopped as usual at the red-baird door which opened the ball-room from the Spiel-Saal; well if he had lost every remaining florin that stood between him and starvation, sooner than have met whom he did, have given up the small remainder of peace that was left to him, the liberty of his own soul, into another's, and a woman's hands!

I was late in going to the ball myself, and on entering the room the first person I saw was Griffiths; Griffiths, neither bored nor responsive to the faint flatteries of Mrs. Gardiner's eyes, but with a young and fresh-faced English girl leaning on his arm, and himself looking ten years younger and handsomer than I had ever seen him yet. He came up at once to where I stood, and introduced me to his partner, Mrs. Howden. Mrs. Howden was travelling with an uncle and aunt, and her acquaintance with Bertie had begun that day at the table d'hôte of the Rose. Her party was to have proceeded to Switzerland on the following Monday morning, but—this Mrs. Howden told me, with a glance at Bertie—but Wiesbaden really seemed to be such a delightful place, with so much going on, that they had altered their plans, and decided to remain where they were for another fortnight or three weeks.

I went across the room to Mrs. Gardiner, pale through all her enamel as she watched Bertie and his companion, and inquired of her who Mrs. Howden was.

Mrs. Howden was no one at all; the widow of a subaltern who died in India a few months after his marriage, leaving her with nothing to exist upon but her pension and the charity of an uncle of his—that objectionably vulgar old man who was her chaperon to-night. Pretty? well, no—sweet-looking, decidedly sweet-looking of an evening; but her complexion quite gone—like all Indians, poor thing! and so unfortunately dressed, it was almost impossible to judge of her looks. So kind of Mr. Griffiths to dance with her, was it not? She was quite unnoticed until he, good-naturedly, asked her to dance a quadrille.

Mr. Griffiths's kindness lasted until the end of the evening. As he was putting on Ada Howden's cloak before giving her back into her uncle's charge at the Kur-Saal door, Mrs. Gardiner swept close by him, and if it had rested with her good-will alone, poor Bertie's troubles would then and there, I think, have been brought to a sudden close.

I told him so as we were walking home together an hour or two later. "If you are going to change, let your infidelity at least be gradual," I added. "That little woman would have stabbed you with pleasure as you stood at Mrs. Howden's side in the doorway. She will do you an injury yet, unless you take the trouble to manage her."

It was one of those occasions when whatever you try to say must of necessity fall wide of its mark; and to get away from the subject, if possible, without wounding him, I then began to speak of Mrs. Howden.

"Wonderfully pretty, isn't she?" said Bertie. I never heard him make use of such extravagant terms in speaking of any woman before. "Not only possessing the mere commonplace beauty of hazel eyes, red lips, pink and white skin, but all those nameless feminine caressing charms of face and manner that occasionally make one fool enough to believe one woman unlike all other women in the world. Is there honesty on that woman's face, do you think?"

My answer was that Mrs. Howden had white arms, a graceful neck, bright hair, dark eye-lashes. This much I saw. I could in no way speak concerning the moral qualities I had not seen.

"In other words, Mrs. Howden is a pretty woman, and you think neither better nor worse of her than of her kind." We were just parting at the door of the Rose as Bertie spoke. "Well, I dare say you are right—I dare say you are right. For myself, I am superstitious,

and the moment that woman's eyes met mine to-night, I felt that in some way or another she was going to be connected with my fate. I have won, I must tell you; before I went to the ball I made a magnificent coup—red passed eleven times—and I take it as a good omen. What will you bet that you do not see me yet as a *perso de famille*—a sober and respected member of English society?"

His laugh was hollower than ever as he turned and entered the house. I felt that it would have been safe to stake every shilling I had in the world against such an outside chance as his rehabilitation!

III.

I knew afterwards what infatuation it was that lured Bertie Griffiths on to the last crowning mistake of a life in which everything had been mistaken. Ada Howden was like, or he believed her like, the woman to whom he was to have been married when the dark cloud of his life fell upon him; the woman who, Bertie fondly believed, died of a broken heart a year after her engagement to himself was broken off.

About this fidelity to death which I did not witness I can of course say nothing. Human creatures die of all ages and of many diseases; and it would be remarkable, perhaps, if no deaths ever occurred within such periods of love disasters as to give foundation to the popular superstition about dying of a broken heart. Of Ada Howden I knew, simply, that she was a soft-eyed, waxen-faced Englishwoman of twenty-two; strict to the core in all conventional ideas of right and wrong; lenient to whatever error she had been taught in her little shallow school to consider as venial; and with just romance enough in her nature to allow her to fall tolerably seriously in love with Bertie Griffiths's handsome, pallid, melancholy face, from the first moment that she was introduced to him.

Before a fortnight had passed their intimacy was looked upon as acknowledged by all the English people in Wiesbaden.

Many were the opinions given as to Mrs. Howden's folly in encouraging a man so broken down in fortune as Griffiths; many the stories circulated—none of them as yet approaching the truth—respecting the real nature of the cloud which overshadowed his past life. Of course all these stories were told punctually to old Mr. and Mrs. Howden, and by them duly repeated for the efforts of friends and relations to keep them asunder. Want of means she thought nothing of. The scanty allowances Griffith received from his family and her own small means would allow them to live as well together as they could live apart. How could it matter to her what his past history was? All of his life that belonged to her would commence from the day on which she should become his wife. These generous sentiments Bertie repeated to me, as little by little he managed indirectly to draw them forth from Ada; and, while all I read in them was her ignorance of the real truth, nothing could turn him from the belief that she was above the possibility of change; that she knew his life had been an unhappy one, and was willing to take him so, and not make scrutiny too deep into the details of the past.

Three weeks went by; the day was fixed for the Howdens to leave Wiesbaden for Rotterdam; and one morning, Bertie told me that the time had come when he meant definitely to ask Ada Howden to marry him. He had no fear about her answer. All that troubled him was the thought of the confession that he would have to make; the doubt as to whether, indeed, he was bound in honor to make this confession at all. He asked my opinion on the subject, but I declined giving it. It was a position, I told him, in which a man's own conscience alone could decide upon the right course for him to take. The fact was, as I had only too well divined, it mattered little whether Mrs. Howden heard the truth from Bertie's lips or from another's; the truth was coming! I had read this much already on Mrs. Gardiner's face; had read it in the tone with which she asked me if I believed there was any foundation for the report of the engagement between Mrs. Howden and Griffiths. "Poor Mr. Griffiths—I am truly sorry for him!" added the thin, red lips; "he is of good birth, I find out—has thought it wise, probably, to drop his title hitherto! What is it that some poet says about honor more before the name than after? Well, well, we must not be uncharitable. Mrs. Howden really deserves the greatest credit if she means to marry him! So very kind of you to bring the poor fellow forward among us all as you have done!" Yes, I knew then that the *femme ange* was cognizant of the truth; I knew instinctively at what pitiless time the truth would be told. Mrs. Gardiner chose her revenge well. I found afterwards that she had commenced her researches into Bertie's history on the very day after he first met Mrs. Howden at the ball, and had actually received the letter which contained the coveted knowledge for more than a week before she spoke.

There are some few human creatures who enjoy with a sort of artistic zest every detail of their revenge; plan it deliberately, carry it out dispassionately, gloat over each minute torture of their victim, from the first moment when he stands unconsciously within their toils until the supreme hour when cruelty itself is satiated and can devise no further means for prolonging its own gratification. To this class Bertie's little blonde, soft-tongued enemy belonged. Better that a man should awaken the jealousy of a West Indian creole—an honest savage, who would merely seek to kill her lover, her rival and herself, in her first blind access of passionate fury—than wound the vanity of a woman like this: a woman who can reason first, and then avenge herself on calm, high principle, and from a sense of the duty she owes to her family and to society.

In furtherance, I firmly believe, of her own preconceived scheme, Mrs. Gardiner got up a picnic, "an impromptu sociable affair among a few friends," for the very day when Griffiths was resulting to speak definitely to Ada. For the first time since her husband's death, we were told, Mrs. Howden appeared on this occasion without the faintest, the most conventional lingering remnant of mourning in her dress; and, in her fresh, floating muslin and little English hat, looked like a girl of eighteen, a slight, bearded girl who had never been witness to a scene of anguish, never wept over an unkindly grave in her life. When we had reached our place of destination, and Mrs. Howden, "just and radiant," had walked off with Bertie to the last look at that view from the hill for the last time, Mr. Griffiths—"I could not help thinking how marvellously well nature has arranged all matters pertaining to love and regret for us."

Dinner was spread in the open air, and all the

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week mounted to about 1300 head. The prices realized on 16 to 17 cts. ♀ B. 300 Cows brought from \$50 to \$7 head. Sheep—4000 head were disposed of at 6 to 7 1/2 cts. ♀ B. 2500 Hogs sold at from \$7.50 to \$9.25 ♀ 150 lbs.

Couldn't do Himself Justice.

A colored man who had stuck to the rebel army of Gen. Hood through thick and thin, was in high hopes of being able to march into Nashville and pay his respects to a lady who belonged to the upper crust of the colored society; and when he discovered that the besieging army was retreating, he determined to break through the lines and throw himself upon the mercy of the cruel Yankees. He presented himself to Gen. Thomas, hat in hand, and stammering very much.

"Where are you from?" inquired the general.

"I've just from the army, sah."

"What army?"

"Mr. Hood's army, sah."

"Where is Mr. Hood now?"

"He's leavin', sah; he's leavin'."

"Ha! I thought Mr. Hood, as you call him, was coming into Nashville."

"No, sah; Mr. Hood thinks he can't do himself justice in Nashville."

An effort is to be made in the present session of the Maine Legislature to prevent the sale of liquors by the druggists as medicine, even when prescribed by physicians.

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic. It will surely cure! There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "The moment RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is applied externally, or taken internally according to directions, pain from whatever cause, ceases to exist!" Use no other kind for CRAMPS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, or CHAMBERS, or BRUISES, or STINGS, or COLIC, or CHOLERA, or MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUNSTROKES, AGUE, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, THE COLIC, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 25 cents per bottle. Feb-24

A VALUABLE MEDICINE.—Dr. Poland's White Pine Compound, advertised in our columns, is a successful attempt to combine and apply the medicinal virtues of the White Pine Bark. It has been thoroughly tested by people in this city and vicinity, and the proprietor has testimonials of the value from persons well known to our citizens. We recommend its trial in all cases of disease to which it is adapted. It is for sale by all our druggists. "N. Y. Independent."

THE GREAT NEW ENGLAND REMEDY.

DR. J. W. POLAND'S WHITE PINE COMPOUND

Is now offered to the afflicted throughout the country after having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which it is derived. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel and other Complaints. For Piles and Scoury it will be found very valuable.

Give it a trial if you would learn the value of a Good and Tried Medicine.

It is pleasant, safe and sure. Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicines generally. nov-17-3m

"The Hair, Scalp and Face."

DR. B. C. PERRY.
Dermatologist, author of the above valuable Book, published and for sale by JAMES MILLER, 922 Broadway, can be consulted at No. 49 Bond street, New York, for all cutaneous diseases of the head or scalp. Loss of hair and premature grayness; scales, scabs and warts permanently cured; moth patches, freckles, pimples, comedones (called black worms) and all brown discolorations removed from the face.

To remove moth patches, freckles, or any brown discoloration from the skin, ask your druggist for Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, or send to Dr. Perry.

No charge for consultations—personally or by letter. dec-22-3m

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—Long life is best secured by carefully regulating the functions of digestion, circulation, secretion and excretion, and as this medicine acts upon the stomach, liver, blood and bowels, it may be justly called a life-lengthening curative. Manufactured, 30 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th of Dec., by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. HARRY T. BONE to Miss MARY T. WALTON, both of this city.

On the 16th of Jan., by the Rev. P. S. Henson, Miss J. M. HENRI, of Goshen, Pa., to SAUL J. daughter of the late John T. Hoopes, of Philadelphia.

On the 25th of Dec., by the Rev. J. B. Maddock, Mr. PETER GEVLA to Miss MARY NOBLE, both of this city.

On the 15th of Jan., by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, James H. DONNELLY to Miss MARY E. ROYCE, both of this city.

On the 15th of Jan., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. GEORGE THOMAS to Miss SUSAN R. STEELE, of this city.

On the 25th of Dec., by the Rev. P. S. Henson, James ROYCE to Miss MALINDA MAGARIS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th of Jan., Mrs. ELIZABETH COCHRAN, in her 74th year.

On the 21st of Jan., Miss SARAH PERCIVAL, of Milford, Del., aged 61 years.

On the 21st of Jan., Mr. JOSEPH HOLLOWELL, in his 64th year.

On the 20th of Jan., JAMES MARTIN, in his 70th year.

On the 25th of Jan., ELIZABETH G., wife of Wm. R. PERRY, in her 87th year.

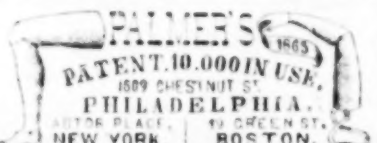
On the 24th of Jan., THOMAS A. NIXON, in his 73rd year.

On the 15th of Jan., Mrs. BARBARA A. NIXON, in her 74th year.

On the 15th of Jan., Mr. WILLIAM LESTER, aged 63 years.

On the 15th of Jan., EMERSON H. COWEN, in his 62nd year.

Count Bismarck has warned the Lutheran Consistory at Frankfurt against allowing its ministers to attack the Government in their sermons.



H. FRANK PALMER, LL.D. PRESTON A. LIMB CO.

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nervous debility after many years of misery, desires to make known to all who suffer the same means of relief. Address enclosing a stamp, Mrs. M. MERRITT, P. O. Box 368, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. feb-1-41

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REMEMBER,

That this Bitters is not Alcohol, contains no poison, is pure, and cannot cause Headaches, but is the first Tonic in the World.

READ WHO SAYS SO.

[From the Rev. W. D. Seaford, Pastor of Twelfth Baptist Church, Philadelphia.]

Gentlemen: I have great pleasure in endorsing the strengthening effects of indigestion, accompanied by a prostration of the nervous system. Numerous remedies were recommended by friends, and some of them tested, but without relief. Your Hoofland's German Bitters were recommended by persons who had tried them, and whose favorable mention of these Bitters induced me to try them. I must confess that I had an aversion to Patent Medicines from the "thousand and one" quack "Bitters," whose only aim seems to be to gain of a few pence, and to drug the community in a silly way, and the tendency of which, I fear, is to make many a confirmed drunkard. I now declare that your Hoofland's German Bitters is a most valuable preparation. I look at it with happy anticipation. It acts upon the stomach, but it does not irritate the system, was prompt and gratifying. I feel that I have derived great and permanent benefit from the use of a few bottles of your Hoofland's German Bitters. D. SEAFORD, No. 24 Second Street, Philadelphia.

[From the Rev. E. D. Fendall, Assistant Editor of the "Christianity," Philadelphia.]

I have derived double benefit from the use of Hoofland's German Bitters, and feel it my privilege to recommend them as a most valuable tonic to all who are suffering from general debility or from diseases arising from disordered action of the liver.

Yours truly, E. D. FENDALL.

[From Rev. D. Merrige, Pastor of the Passaic Baptist Church, Passaic, N. J.]

From the most responsible recommendations given to me by Dr. Hoofland's German Bitters, I was induced to give them a trial. After using several bottles I found them to be a good remedy for debility, and a most excellent tonic for the stomach.

[From Rev. Wm. Smith, formerly Pastor of the Vineland and Mount Pleasant Baptist Churches.]

Having used in my family a number of bottles

WIT AND HUMOR.

Accidents of Speech.

Pat has long labored under the imputation of making more "accidents" with the tongue than any of his fellow mortals, but it can be very readily shown that the "bul" is not necessarily indigenous to Irish soil.

A Frenchman named Calion, who died in Paris not many years ago, was remarkable for a bovine tendency. There is a letter of his in existence, as follows: "My dear friend—I left my knife at your lodgings yesterday. Pray, send it to me, if you find it. Yours, Calion.—P. S. Never mind sending the knife; I have found it."

There is a note to his wife, which he sent home with a basket of provisions, the postscript to which reads: "You will find my letter at the bottom of the basket; if you should fail to do so, let me know as soon as possible."

"It is said of this same character, that on one occasion he took a lighted taper to find his way down stairs without accident, and after getting down brought it back with thanks, leaving himself at the top of the stairs in the dark as at first."

It was a Scotch woman who said that the butcher of her town only killed half a beast at a time.

It was a Dutchman who said a pig had no earmarks except a short tail; and it was a British magistrate who, being told by a vagabond that he was not married, responded, "That's a good thing for your wife."

At a prayer-meeting in New Hampshire, a worthy layman spoke of a poor boy whose father was a drunkard, and whose mother was a widow.

At a negro ball, in lieu of "Not transferable" on the tickets, a notice was posted over the door:—"No gentleman admitted unless he comes himself."

An American lecturer of note solemnly said one evening, "Parents, you may have children, or if you have not, your daughters may have."

A Western editor once wrote: "A correspondent asked whether the battle of Waterloo occurred before or after the commencement of the Christian era. We answer, it did."

A Maine editor says a pumpkin in that state grew so large that eight men could stand around it; which statement was only equalled by that of the booster who saw a flock of pigeons fly so low that he could shake a stick at them.

Those two observing men, one of whom said that he had always noticed when he lived through the month of May he lived through the year, and the other of whom said at a wedding that he had remarked that more women than men had been married that year, were neither of them Irishmen.

Hans Breitmann's Party.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty—drey had biano blayin'; I feld in life mit a Mexican frau—her name was Madilla Yane. She hat haar as brown as a prezel bun, her eyes were himmal blue; und ven she looked into mein, she shplit mine heart in two.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty—I vent dere you'll pe pound, I val a mit Madilla Yane, und vent shpinnen round und round. Da postel franklin in de house, she vayed post doo houndert pound; und every dimes she makes a jump, you hear de virdow sound.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty; I dells you it cost him dear. Dey rolt in more as seven kecks of foot rate lager bier; und vunder dey knocks der shpickets in, de Doutschers gifen a cheer. I drinks dat vize a barty nefer coom to a bet die year.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty; dere all van saun und brou; ven de sooper coomed in, de company did make demselle to house. Dey ate das brod und de bebrust, die bratwurst und braten fies; und vach de abendessen down mit four parrels of Neckar wein.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty; ve all cot troonk as bigs. I post nice moust to a parrel of bier, und schwallowed him oop mit a schwaig. Und denn I giesed Madilla Yane, und she shlog me on de kop; und de company fited mit displecks dill de goshaltab made oon shopt.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty—where is dat barty row? Where is de lovely golden clouds dat float on de mounden's prow? Where is de himmelstrahlende stern; de star of de shpirits light? All gened afay mid de lager bier—afay in de Ewigkeit!

Parcel of Proverbs.

If the cap fits, wear it—out.
Six of one, and half a dozen of the other—make exactly twelve.

None so deaf as those who won't hear—hear! hear!

Fain heart never won fair lady—nor dark one either.

Civility costs nothing—nay, is something to your credit.

The best of friends must part—their hair.
Any port is a storm—but old port preferred.
One good turn deserves another—in waiting.
Youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm—very seashick.

YOUNG AMERICA SURPRISED.—One of our friends was recently blessed by an addition to his household, which came "like a thief in the night." The next morning the happy father took his four-year-old boy to the upper room, to see the little brother, who, having never perused Catlin's work—"Keep Your Mouth Shut,"—was quietly enjoying his first morning nap with his little mouth open. All were quietly watching the elder brother, and desirous to catch his first observation. With eyes firmly fixed at the new comer, and with a countenance showing trouble within, after a few moments of silence, he defiantly exclaimed, "I should like to know who pulled out the baby's teeth."—Boston Transcript.

A HAPPY REJOINDER.—At Oxford, some twenty years ago, a tutor in one of the colleges limped in his walk. Stepping one day last summer at a railway station, he was accosted by a well-known politician, who recognized him, and asked if he was not the chaplain of the college at such a time, naming the year. The doctor replied that he was. "I was there," said his interrogator, "and knew you by your limp." "Well," said the doctor, "it seems my limping made a deeper impression on you than my preaching." "Ah, doctor," was the reply, with ready wit, "it is the highest compliment we can pay a minister to say that he is known by his walk rather than by his conversation."

Dogs are like Joe Miller, because they furnish wags with their tails.



SHARP—RATHER!

FIRST BOY.—"I say, Bill, what's yer got in that wallet?"
SECOND BOY.—"How d'yer know my name was Bill?"
FIRST BOY.—"Oh, guessed it."
SECOND BOY.—"Then you may guess what's in this 'ere wallet!"

MY RIVAL.

My rival has great midnight eyes;
She makes them speak when she is still.
They laugh, they dance, they mock, they pray,
And with true hearts they falsely play.
Sweet luring eyes, be still, be still!
My eyes are only gray.

My rival has black lustrous hair;
She binds it ripples like a crown
Upon her forehead queenly fair,
And prisons hearts in meshes rare.
With willful ringlets straying down,
My hair is only brown.

My rival has a dazzling grace,
And witching ways to win her will;
She meets the world with sweet bright face,
Yet only seems to work it ill;
But, ah! with such a dazzling grace!
While I am shy and still.

When the knight comes, the chevalier,
The one that's worshipped of us two,
He meets her just with merrier jest,
Gives glove or flower at her behest,
Somewhat more cold than others do;
Then he comes straight unto.

He says my hair is soft bright brown,
He says my eyes are honest gray,
And in his own sweet love leap high,
I am his darling, only I.
Who some day he will wear away,
And pass my rival by.

A society has been formed in Paris, consisting of twelve individuals who are to meet twice a month, at dinner, in order to improve and perfect the science of eating to the utmost possible point. The experiments made at these banquets will, it is to be hoped, be communicated to the less knowing public. *Le diner des gourmets*, as the meetings of the club are to be called, have already excited much curiosity.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

STABLES AND STABLES.

More thought, care, philosophy, and practical common sense are needed in the construction and general economy of our cattle stables and stables. It is not that we do not in reality know better, but that in too many instances we do not think of what we know, that our stabled cattle are the first, and ourselves secondary sufferers in consequence of our not thinking of, and putting in practice for their benefit and our own what we do actually know.

Now there are not four farmers in every five hundred who do not know that a stable with a low, leaky, level floor, lying flat on the ground, allowing the liquid excrement to leak through every joint, losing the most valuable portion of the manure, saturating the soil underneath with material that in a little time becomes offensively odorous, and a standing source of disease—every farmer knows that such a stable is not a suitable place to house the cattle of Christians in.

Not much better is the low, damp, ill ventilated stable in which cattle steam like a hot stew, the low ceiling of joists, rails or boards it may be, covered a foot in depth with refuse hay or straw to keep the cattle warm and comfortable—absorbing all the noxious volatile exhalations from them, and remaining unchanged year after year—in several instances that we know of, until literally rotted into muck. There is not one of us who does not know that such conditions as these are in no sense conducive to the health and comfort of stabled stock; and where we find a combination of them as we do by far too frequently, we find the active elements of all sorts of cattle diseases accumulating overhead, and a mine of absolute death under foot. Oh, yes—every one of us knows better than to permit and perpetuate such conditions. Only the trouble is we do not happen to think quite earnestly and resolutely enough of what we know.

A good many other instances we have seen the present winter, where cattle are tied up in skeleton stables, in stables that are much like Jack Straw's house—neither wind nor water tight. Great cracks and rents, letting in north-east storms and north-west winter winds—searching, cold and biting, the poor tied animals perforce obliged to bear it all, while the thoughtless proprietor wonders why with stabling and reasonable feed his stock begins already to grow thin since coming in from grass.

Stabling! Why, give them their out-door liberty, and every animal stabled in such a hut would find for itself better shelter by cuddling to leeward and putting both sides of the stable between itself and the storm. Please remember, fellow-farmers, that there are more than two months of winter weather before us, and many

storms and biting blasts to be met before our stock go out again to grass. Turn the thought to good account by fencing out wind and storm. Head off the nor-wester by battening the stock. Just let them in upon our tied-up stock, as too many of us do heedlessly, and they will feed off flesh faster than we can feed it on, and in spite of us our cattle will come out in April "spring poor." A day or two spent now in tinkering around the stables will pay from fifty to five hundred per cent. in feed and flesh between this day and the first of April.

As to stalls—we have seen lately in one neighborhood up in the mountain farm regions of Pennsylvania, three instances of what appears to us to be comfortable, common sense stalls for cattle. The stalls are wide enough to admit of the animals' turning in them, the sides closely boarded up, the floor, a dais, raised seven or eight inches above that of the passageway in the rear, with an outward pitch of about three inches in the length of the stall, the entrance of each closed with two leaved folding-doors opening inwards. There are no rings, stanchions or any tying or fastening of the head. No animal not absolutely a fool will ever stand, head down hill, and always, in every instance, we found the cattle in these stalls, standing "right end up," well up to the rack, and as clean and comfortable as animals ever need be.

As all bovine animals have their little itches and inconveniences to attend to as well as ourselves, and would be better for the use of their tongue with which they can reach nearly every part of their bodies, this freedom of the stall seems to be a very good common sense arrangement, besides providing comfortable quarters in all cold, stormy weather. The stalls need not be expensive, being all made of rough material, and a sufficient opening above the folding doors affords free ventilation.

AGRICULTURAL INTELLIGENCE.

There is not a more foolish error run into on earth than that of city-bred and bred people imagining that all men, women, girls, boys, and little children of country birth, breeding and citizenship, are wanting in wit and intelligence. "Country clown"—"gawky"—"clod-hopper"—"awkward country girl"—"cow-driver," etc., etc., are epithets that frequently enough we hear applied with a senseless sneer and supercilious turn-up of the nose by city imbeciles to country people. If the order of slang silliness was reversed and applied by those of the rural regions to city folks there would be infinitely more sense in it.

Country people are no more born fools than they of the city, and having in the rural regions fewer public and private schools for all manner of scandalous vice and wickedness, the children of the country begin to learn wisdom as a rule as early as city children do folly, and being equally apt students in opposite directions, any time after about the tenth year, epithets coming from the other side would cover and carry more of truth. But the people of the country are too intelligent and well-bred to stoop to such silly slang.

We are gathering from all corners of our country and from some corners over east, among our European agriculturists, photographers of agricultural publishers, editors, writers, farmers, dairymen, horticulturists, their wives, daughters and sons, and being firm in the faith that facial features are true indexes of soul, we challenge the possessor of any photographic collection anywhere to exhibit an equal amount of intelligence, manhood, and womanly grace and beauty, in an equal number of pictures.

We invite photographic favors from all our farmer friends, their wives, sons and daughters, and to the first of our Pennsylvania agricultural institutions, public or private—college, society, or publisher, who will prepare a suitable receipt, and a position worthy of such guests, we will present our Agricultural Family, making a collection that any institution, community, or state may justly feel proud of.

HARDENING UP YOUNG WOOD.

We are among the minority who believe and argue that the longer season of uninterrupted growth a tree or shrub has, the more perfectly it finishes up its year's growth, and the better it hardens its young wood against winter severities. Where early frosts and premature cold snaps interfere with the growth and ripening of wood, delaying the finishing process until consecutive cold sets in, reason and common sense seem to say that such wood is in no safe condition to carry life and vigor safely through the vicissitudes and severities of winter. As in all this midland region, our fruit trees had during the past fall unexampled opportunities of finishing up growth and preparing for winter, we shall see next summer what evidence they have to offer for or against our minority report.

GATHERED GRAINS.

Texas is filling up faster with the right sort of agricultural emigrants than any country ever was before with any sort of humanity. The city of Berlin, Prussia, has slaughtered

and sold for food 3,000 horses in five months. Add "hard tack" to their "Old Hoss," and the Prussians will soon become regular man-of-war-men.

An Indianapolis journal says that rats are overrunning Indiana. Let the Hoosiers run over the rats and "stamp 'em out." That's the way to equalize things.

Pork in West Virginia five cents per pound. Good plan to go over there to market. Baled hay is selling in Vermont at \$14 per ton. Loose hay in Philadelphia brings \$29. Light crops last year, and plenty of hay both ways.

Everybody's cattle and horses gone astray in Iowa this winter. Iowa Homestead says so. Never saw any other homestead have so many horses, cows, steers, and helters.

Good farms in some sections of Alabama are selling just now for \$1 per acre. Pennsylvania has some land worth one cent an acre.

The cattle plague is slaughtering stock in Holland again fast; but the Netherlands are fighting it bravely.

Nevada City is built over a gold mine. Nevadans are digging cellars 140 feet deep.

RECIPIES.

PLUM PUDDING WITHOUT EGGS.—1 lb. flour, 1 lb. plums, 1 lb. suet, 1 lb. moist sugar, 1 lb. treacle, 1 carrot grated, 1 pint milk; spices to taste. To be boiled five hours.

STEVEN'S NEW PLUM PUDDING.—This recipe, if closely followed, would, at this season of the year, save tons of fruit and other expensive ingredients, which are partly wasted for the want of knowing how to turn them to the best advantage. This pudding will not cost more than 2s. 4d., and will be found sufficient for eight persons. Carefully prepare the following, previous to mixing the pudding:—Four ounces of stoned raisins, four ounces of sultanas, half a pound of well-cleaned currants, half a pound of beef suet chopped fine, two ounces of powdered white sugar, two ounces of flour, half a pound of bread crumbs, twelve bitter almonds blanchied, chopped small, half a nutmeg grated, two ounces of candied citron, the peel of half a small lemon chopped fine, separately, put in a basin, break over four eggs, and add half a gill of brandy. Mix these all well the evening before wanted, cover over till the morning, and when all is prepared, add half a gill of milk, again well stir your pudding; slightly butter a cloth, sprinkle a little flour over, put it in basin, pour in the mixture, tie your cloth in the usual way, not too tight; put in half a gallon of boiling water, add more now and then if required; let it simmer two hours and thirty minutes, turn out of cloth, and serve on a hot dish. Serve plain, if preferred, or with the sauce only. After which, when at the dining-room door, pour round a gill of either brandy or rum, which set on fire with a piece of paper; place the dish on the table, let burn half a minute, and pour the following sauce over from the sauce-boat; after which cut seven or eight slices from the pudding crossways, or according to number, when help, and served very hot. The sauce I prefer with it is as follows:—Make half a pint of ordinary plain melted butter, rather thick, add to it two teaspoonfuls of sugar, the juice of half a lemon, and a pat of butter; stir quick, pour over your pudding when very hot, or serve the sauce separate in a sauce-boat. Though the above pudding is not very expensive, it requires a little time and attention to do it properly; and well will be repaid the housewife who will take the trouble, as above described.—Note. In the event of some of the ingredients, such as almonds, candied orange or lemon peel, not being obtainable in some country places, the pudding will still be good, although not so delicate in flavor.—*Sage's New Year and Old Christmas Gift.*

OLD POTATOES must be well washed before peeling, and in two waters afterwards, but both immediately before steaming; by steaming them generally an hour, they are never softened or watery, unless the potatoes are really bad, then no mode of cooking will avail. Salt must be sprinkled on them when put on to steam, always over boiling water.

FRIED POTATOES, SLICED.—These must be cut the round way of the potato, not lengthways, be rolled in flour, and fried in boiling bacon fat or dripping. A small fish-kettle with a drainer makes an excellent frying-pan for potatoes. Have as much boiling fat in the bottom as will cover the drainer and potatoes, place the slices regularly in the drainer, plunge it into the boiling fat, and let them remain a few minutes till brown, then lift the drainer, place the slices on some paper to absorb the fat, then serve them in a very hot dish.

POTATO BALLS.—Take some boiled potatoes when cold, mash three breakfast cupsful, mix a little bacon fat or butter, some pepper, salt, and an onion finely minced, add a cupful of minced meat, and mix all together with an egg well beaten, roll them into balls, flour them well, and fry in boiling fat.

TO MAKE TONGUE BEEF TENDER.—To those who have worn their teeth in masticating poor old tough cow-beef, we will say that carbonate of soda will be found a remedy for the evil. Cut the steaks, the day before using, into slices about two inches thick, rub over them a small quantity of soda, wash off next morning, cut it into suitable thickness, and cook to notion. The same process will answer for fowls, legs of mutton, &c. Try it, all who love delicious, tender dishes of meat.

A PORK PIE.—Put into a stew-pan 6 oz. of lard, with a teaspoonful of cold water; let it stand by the fire till boiling, then put it to 1 lb. of flour. Mix it well with a spoon till cool enough to raise. When you have raised your pie let them stand for half an hour before you put in your meat; put on your cover, and ornament to your fancy. To prepare the meat, cut up your pork to about the size of dice, add pepper and salt to your taste (but take care that the pepper be equally distributed), add one tablespoonful of water to each pound of meat. One pound of flour will bake three good-sized pies. They require three hours' baking in a very moderate oven.

SCOTCH CAKES.—1 lb. of flour, 3 oz. of butter, 3 oz. of lump sugar, salt ammonia about the size of a hazel-nut; warm the butter in a little milk, and mix the whole into a stiff paste. Cut into small rounds, and bake in a cool oven.

GINGER SNAPS.—Beat together 1 lb. of butter and 1 lb. of sugar, mix with them half a pint of molasses, half a teaspoonful of ginger, and 1 lb. of flour.

GINGERBREAD.—Mix together 3 lbs. of flour, 1 lb. of butter, 1 lb. of sugar, one pint of molasses, 1 lb. of ginger, and some ground orange peel.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 18, 2, 5, 1, 21, is a luminary.
My 6, 12, 3, 16, is a drink.
My 6, 16, 25, is a kind of feast.
My 3, 6, 14, 18, 15, 18, is a Roman title.
My 26, 16, 4, 9, 1, 3, 1, 12, is a kind of light.
My 7, 15, is a command.
My 24, 5, 2, 5, 8, is a small vessel.
My 17, 21, 1, 18, 20, 26, is a mineral.
My 25, 20, 20, 18, 9, is a metal.
My 23, 9, 12, 11, is to wither.
My 22, is a letter in the alphabet.
My 10, 1, 16, 8, 5, 20, 8, was the eldest son of Noah.
My whole is what should be impressed upon the mind of every child and always be remembered by them. A. M. C.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, is a fowl.
My 4, 5, 7, is a grain.
My 6, 2, 8, 5, 4, is a boy's name.
My 17, 14, 13, 16, 6, is sweet.
My 11, 1, 7, 4, 10, 5, is a drink.
My 1, 18, 10, 11, 9, is an animal.
My 15, 12, 11, 2, is part of the face.
My whole are the publishers of the best weekly in the United States. E. F. H.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose a hawk, a kite and a pigeon at Philadelphia, and an eagle 360 miles due south of Philadelphia. Suppose they all commence flying at the same instant; the hawk flying due east at the rate of 64 miles an hour; the kite flying due north at the rate of 48 miles an hour, and the pigeon flying due west at the rate of 36 miles an hour. The eagle flies directly towards the hawk continually until he catches it, at the rate of 96 miles an hour; then flies directly towards the kite at the same rate until he overtakes it; and then flies directly towards the pigeon, with the same speed, until he comes up with it.

Required—the distance the eagle must fly to catch the three birds.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How long will it require to travel, at five miles an hour, across an area of 256,000 acres, so laid out that the longest distance across shall be the shortest possible to contain the given area? W. H. MORROW.

An answer is requested.

Spherical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Pack 2470 alike spheres into a four-sided pyramid, in the least possible space, and tell me the number of spheres in the case, and number of layers in the pyramid. AUGUSTUS.

An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

What is that by losing an eye has nothing left but a nose? Ans.—A noise.
Why is a cat like a sentence? Ans.—Because it has both paws and claws.
When is a ship not on the water? Ans.—When it's on fire.
Why are swallows like a leap over head and heels? Ans.—Because they are a summer set.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—William Starke Rosecrans. CHA-RADE—Chicago. (Shy-cago.) DOUBLE REBUS—Kenilworth, Amy H. Dearb. (Kims or Kamadea, E. N. Newbury, Interior, Lodovico, Web, Olympus, Rita Bags, Teucer, Hop-o-my-Thumb.)

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM of Nov. 17—2 feet per second. Morgan Stevens.

Accommodating.

In the wild Western neighborhood the sound of a church-going bell had never been heard; notice was given that the Rev. Mr. A., a distinguished Presbyterian divine, would preach on a certain day.

The natives, who consisted mainly of those hardy pioneers who have preceded civilization, came to hear him. They had an indistinct idea that "preaching" was something to be heard, and all attended to hear it.

After the service had begun, a raw-boned hunter, with rifle in hand and all the accoutrements of the chase about him, entered and took the only vacant seat—a nail-peg without either head. The current thoughts of the preacher led him to a description of Heaven and its inhabitants. With great power he drew a picture of the habitation of the blessed, and was assigning each of the patriarchs, apostles and prophets his appropriate place. His Calvinistic tendencies led him to reserve the Apostle Paul for his climacteric. With his eye fixed upon the highest point, and with an upward gesture that seemed to be directed to the loftiest attitude of the heavenly places, he said—

"And where, my brethren, shall we seat the great Apostle of the Gentiles? Where, I say, shall we place the Apostle Paul?"

Then pausing, to give the imagination time to reach the elevation designed for the Apostle, he fixed his eyes upon our hero of the riddle. He, therefore, thinking the address personal, rose instantly and replied—

"If he can't do no better he can take my seat."

It is needless to say that climax was reached.

Profundity of thought is generally purchased at the expense of versatility. To be very profound, it is necessary that the intellectual eye be fixed, for a long time, on one continuous series of operations; to be versatile, the mind must glance from subject to subject, and brood over none. Profundity plunges to the depth, while versatility skims the surface of the sea of speculation; while the former is going down, the latter is sporting onward on easy wing.